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CHILDREN'S BOOK

Set Charles I. nichols - may 3, 1427



FOOD for the MIND:

OR, A NEW

RIDDLE-BOOK.

COMPILED for the Use of
The GREAT and the LITTLE

GOOD BOYS and GIRLS

In England, Scotland, and Ireland.

By John-the-GIANT-KILLER, Efq;

Who Riddles tells, and merry Tale, O'er nut-brown Cakes and Mugs of Ale. HOMER.

Come riddle me riddle me riddle me Ree, None are so blind as they that wont see.

LONDON:

Printed for the Booksellers of Europe, Asia. Africa, and America; and fold by T. Carnan and E. Newberr, Jun. at Number 65, St. Paul's Church Yard. 1778.

The Public are defired to observe, that F. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard and Ludgate Street, has not the laft Concern in any of the late Mr. John Newbery's Entertaining Books for Children; and, to prevent having palty Compilation obtruded on them instead of Mr. John Newbery's useful Publications, they are defired to be particularly careful to apply for them to T. Carnan and F. Newbery, Jun. (Successor to the late Mr. John Newbery) at Number 65, near the Bar in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

CHXBXBXBXBXBXBXBXBX

PREFACE.

HE art of making riddles is so antique, that it bears date almost with our earlies a diversion with which Sampson, the strongest of all mankind, amused himself. Nor has it been consined to common people, as a certain author supposes; for Kings, and even some of the wiself of them, are said to have been adepts in the science;

for fuch was the ever-to-be-remembered King Solomon, and fuch was his friend Hiram the King of Tyre.

Riddling, if I am not mistaken, is the art of both diffembling and undissembling, and, if what a great Politician has afferted to be true, that he who knows not how to diffemble knows not how to reign, this art must be eminently useful to Princes, and their Ministers, and not to them only, but to all those who are any ways connetted with courts, or concerned in political transactions; for as people in high life do not always speak as they mean, nor promise what they intend to perform; or, in other words, as dissembling is held in such high estimation among the Great, and practised with applause every day, the

art of undiffembling, should, I think, be called in to the aid of those whose heads may render them subject to im-position .-- A squeeze by the hand is a dumb riddle, which may induce any one unskilled in this art to dance attendance for years; while an adept takes the unmeaning sign to pieces; and, like a Free-mason, returns the compliment by another , squeeze, to let the Enigmatist know that he is in the fecret. All Cyphers used by Politicians are Riddles; and were Ambassadors, and those to whom Cyphers are fent, but skilled in this science, few blunders would be made from that mystical manner of conveyance; for the meaning, without a key, would be as obvious to them, A 3

as to the most profound decypherer of them all.

Not that I would have this science confined to political affairs :--- No, its utility is unbounded, and may be extended with propriety and benefit to every part of life, and every branch ef learning. It is a kind of natural Logic, which I should be glad to fee adopted by our Universities in the room of that jargon they at present make use of; for as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it may prove of wonderful advantage to the Scholar in the pursuit of his studies, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and confequently preserving it from that grand fource of error, the being deceived by false connections. And in common life bow

how necessary is it for a man to carry this fort of knowledge about him? ---Every knave is an Ænigma that you must unriddle before you can safely deal with him, and every fool may be fathomed. What is making love but making riddles? And what else are some of our treaties, and indeed some of our laws? Even our graveflones can't tell the naked truth: tombs you see are fort of riddles! a Politician is a walking Riddle; and so is a Physician and his prescription a professed Enigma, intended only to be solved by the Apathecary .----This being the truth, then will any man tell me, that the art of riddling is not of the utmost consequence to Society ?

I shall conclude this preface in the

viii PREFACE.

twords of a great author: As this science contains the sum of all human policy, and as there is no passage thro' the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not chuse to be master of the anigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside crast and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguist?



NEW RIDDLE BOOK.



WHILE young I'm as gay as the maidens in May,
And when drefs'd in my holiday cloaths,
Am

FOOD for the MIND; or,

Am the joy of the swains, and the pride of the plains, And may vie with the belles and the

beaux.

But my time's of short date, and so hard is my fate,

That when to full stature I'm grown, I'm cut down by the lout, tofs'd and tumbled about,

Till no figns of life can be flown.



WITH



FOUR wings I have,
Which swiftly mount on high
On sturdy pinions,
Yet I never sty;
And tho'my body often moves around,
Upon the selt-same spot
I'm always found;
And, like a nurse whochews the infants
meat,
I chew for man before that he can eat.

4 Food for the MIND; or,



WITH words unnumber'd I abound,
In me mankind take much delight,
In me great store of learning's found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.



THE



THE world I view in little space I'm ressless, ever changing place, Nothing I eat, but by my pow'r, Procure what all mankind devour,

6 Food for the MIND; or,



MY body is both plump and round,
With comely neck and breast,
No brighter creature would be found
Were I but oftn er dres'd:
But daily I am wearied so
And my employment such,
Black as any negro go,
Nor scarce am sit to touch:

Upon

a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

Upon my mistress morn and eve, I constantly attend; Yet many a blow and nick-name have, Tho' I did ne'er offend.



Food for the MIND; or,



WHEN mortals are involv'd in ills,
I fing with mournful voice;
If mirth their hearts in gladness fills,
I celebrate their joys.
And as the lark with warbling throat,
Ascends upon the wing;
So I lift up my chearful note,

And as I mount I fing.



A Tall and slender thape I bear, Nor lady's skin's more white or fair: My life is short, and doth decay So soon it feldom lasts a day. If in the evening brought to light, I make my exit in the night;

B

Yet

Yet to mankind I'm useful ever, And many hidden things discover; Which makes all those who round me tend, Oft with a figh sament my end,





l'M of the fame materials made as you, Have native ignorance and beauty too; But when I fly for fafety to your arms, You to a foreigner refign my charms; He, to defile me thinks it no offence; And rudely robs me of my innocence; With inward rage I burn—but hug the foe.

And breathe out vengeance wherefo'er

I go.

B 2

Nay:

12 Food for the MIND; ot,

Nay, while thus lovingly we feem to

agree, I serve him just as Jove did Semele, For e'er from me the thoughtless fot retires,

By my embrace confum'd he foon expires.





The HIGHWAY.

WHEN Casar did this life invade, 1 first experienced royal aid:
Nay, now to Majesty belong,
Tho' subject to the vulgar throng;
Who with uncivil usage treat,
And trample me beneath their feet;
With heavy burdens me oppress,
And money gain by my distress:

Yet all their infults I endure,
While they my given bruifes cure:
I am in every country found,
And traverse all the kingdom round:
Say what's my name, that's so well
known,

I am a common proverb grown.

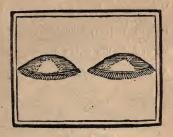




I Can money procure,
For the rich and the poor,
If I open my mouth pretty wide;
So that there's not a house,
Worth the skip of a louse,
But will for me a lodging provide!
Tho' with Tom, Will, or Bob,
I am licens'd to rob,
And plunder my country all over;
B 4

Yet, however unjust,
I keep true to my trust,
And ne'er will my patron discover:
When engag'd for the great,
Or the minions of state,
You'dbeshock'd at the havock I make;
For I hack, cut, and slay,
Whate'er falls in my way,
And send it to bell for they sake,





The EYE-LIDS.

IN courts or cottages we may be found; Our thirts with fringe of various dyes are bound;

And as we were by providence defign'd, A guard from harm t' a fav'rite apple join'd.

We

18 Food for the MIND; or.

We ne'er rove long, nor far afunder ftray,

But meet and part a thousand times a day:

When dark, like loving couples, we unite,

And cuddle close together every night.





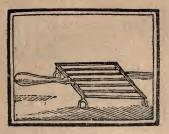
T I M E.

I Was before the world began,
And shall for ever last;
Ere father Adam was a man,
Or out of Eden cast.
Your mirthful moments I attend,
And mitigate your grief;
Th' industrious peasant I befriend;
To pris'ners give relief.

Make

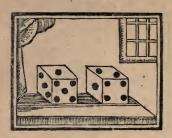
20 Food for the MIND; or,
Make much of me if you are wife,
And use me while you may;
For you will lose me in a trice,
As I for no man stay.





THO' a cook, I'm so lean,
That my ribs may be seen,
Yet I care not a farthing for that;
For when victuals I dress,
All about me confess,
They are cover'd all over with fat.

NO



NO twins could e'er with us compare,
So like in shape and size;
Our bodies are like ermin fair
As black as jet our eyes:
But the folike in ev'ry feature,
We rival brothers be;
Yet so obdurate is our nature,
We often disagree.

Some

a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

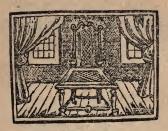
Sometimes we play the friendly part,
And fometimes act the foe;
Now transient happines impart,
Then cause a future woe;
Thousands by us have cure'd their fate,
Plung'd in the gulph of sin;
Happy the youth who shuns the bait,
And dreads the fatal gin,





A DOLL.

LIKE Lady Patch, in diff'rent dress,
I either sex can ape;
And like her, all mankind confess,
Have comeliness and shape:
Had she the innocence of me,
And I her air and parts,
She would a perfect goddess be,
And I should gain more hearts.
WHAT



WHAT though I have a hundred eyes,
Which my beholders may surprise,
Yet I could never see:
What if I fine and gay appear,
And sometimes gold and filver wear,
I'm slav'd by industry.
Both male and female me admire,
Or for my service or attire;

And

26 Food for the MIND; or,

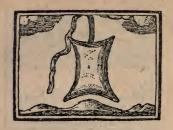
And I while young ain priz'd.
But when I into years am grown,
And with hard labour quite worndown,
I am by both despis'd.





THERE was a thing a full month old,
When Adam was no more;
But 'ere that thing was five weeks old,
Adam was years five score.

C 2 THO'



THO' you feem of me fond-for my fafety provide, And when you walk out take me close

by your fide ;

Yet you oft use me ill, which I take in good part,

Nor e'er murmur or figh though l'm stabb'd to the heart,

WHAT



WHAT being's most despis'd by

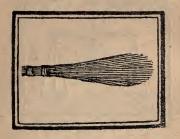
And does him all the good he can; Who bore the greatest Prince on earth, That gave to righteourness new birth; Who does sometimes o'er death prevail, And health restore when doctors sail.

C 3 WE



W E dwell in cottages of straw, And labour much for little gains; Sweet meat from us our masters draw, And then with death reward our pains.

GREAT



GREAT virtues have I,
There's none can deny,
And to this I shall mention an odd one;
When apply'd to the tail,
'Tis seldom I fail
To make a good boy of a bad one.

C4 TWO



T WO twins we are, and let it not furprise,

Alike in ev'ry feature, shape and size; We're square or round, of brass or iron made.

Sometimes of wood, yet uleful found in trade:

But to conclude, for all our daily pains, We by the neck are often hung in chains.

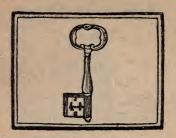
A



A Head and body large I have, Stomach and bowels too; One winding gut of mighty length, Where all my food goes through; But what's more strange, my food I take In at the lower end; And all, just like a drunken rake, Out at my mouth I send.

WHAT

34 Food for the MIND; or,



WHAT force and strength could not get through, I with a gentle touch can do; And many in the streets would stand, Were I not as a friend at hand.

HOMER



HOMER of old, as flories tell, His Iliad put in a nut-shell; But did you know what I conceal,— Suppose a kingdom, common-weal, At stake,—Here all the springs are found.

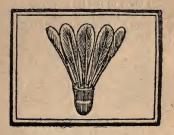
Which fet the wheel a whirling round. In me a thousand mischiefs he,

A thousand pleasures I supply;

In

In me are hid affairs of state,
In me the secrets of the great;
In me the merchant lays his dust,
In me the tradesiman puts his trust;
But hold—my being to explore,
Know I'm inanimate—no more.





THO' light my body is and small,
Tho' I have wings to fly withal,
And thro' the air may rove;
Yet was I not by nature press'd
In ease and indolence I'd rest;
And never choose to meve.
'Tis beating makes me diligent;
When beat and on an errand sent,
I hurry

38 FOOD for the MIND; or,

I hurry to and fro;
And like an idle boy in school,
Whom nothing but the rod can rule,
Improve at every blow.

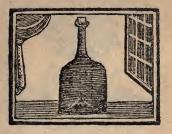




WITH a badge on my back,
Of red, orange, and black,
I travel the nation all over,
And however abus'd,
Without violence us'd,
Will never my bus'ness discovers
I'm of service to state,
To the poor and the great,
To the tradesman, mechanic and beau;
Some

Some of whom I attend
Evry day as a friend,
But to others bring forrow and woe:
All kindly receive me,
And you may believe me,
Scarce ever refuse me my pay;
For whoever does this,
Take it well or amis,
With him not a moment I stay.





I T foams without anger, It flies without wings, It cuts without edge, And without rongue it fings.

D

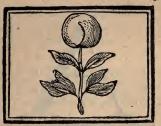
IN

42 FOOD for the MIND; or



I N fpring I look gay,
Deck'd in comely array,
In fummer more cloathing I wear;
When colder it grows,
I fling off my cloaths,
And in winter quite naked appear.

MIDST



MIDST numbers round I spy'd a beauty fair,

More charming than her circling fifters

With blushing cheek she tempting of me stood,

At last I cropt her bloom and suck'd her blood;

Sweet meat she was, but neither flesh nor bone,

Yet in her tender heart she had a stone.

44 Food for the MIND; or,



I'M captain of a party small,
Whose number is but five;
But yet do great exploits for all,
And ev'ry man alive.

With Adam I was feen to live,
Ere he knew what was evil;
But no connexion have with Eve,
The ferpent or the devil.

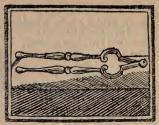
I on our Saviour's Laws attend, And fly deceit and vice; Patriot and Protestant befriend, But Infidels despise.

Matthew and Mark both me have got;
But to prevent vexation,
St. Lake and John possess me not,
Tho' found in ev'ry nation.



D₃ MY





MY form is aukward, let me tell ye, Long my legs and large my belly, Webb'd my feet and short my waist, My head with orb of glory grac'd; My neck indented makes the show Of breast protuberant below; Andwhatyour wonder more commands I ute my seet instead of hands; Tho'such my shape, my station's warm, And many I preserve from harm:

So

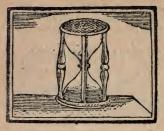
So that the belies oft me carefs, And beaux fometimes my aid confefs: Hence learn that all things have their use,

That art or nature does produce.



D₄ TWO

48 Food for the MIND; or,



T WO bodies have I,
Tho' both join'd in one:
The stiller I fland,
The faster 1 run.



WHY should I my features sham,
Why ugly to a proverb am,
Fierce, obdurate, cruel, strong,
Frightful to the old and young;
Yet, by early education,
Hit the taste of ev'ry nation,
Dance and exercise my staff;
But to make spectators laugh;
Often ride before the great,
Oft with ministers of state;

And

And tho' aukward is my mein, I often on the stage am seen:
But to raise your wonder higher, I to greater heights aspire;
At table I my Lord attend,
Please him and gratify his friend.





FOR vigilance and courage true
I've no fuperior, equals few;
Which makes me by th' industrious
priz'd,
But by the indolent despis'd;
Bold and alert I meet the foe,

Buld and alert I meet the foe, In all engagements valour flow; And if he proves too proud to yield, One falls before we quit the field:

But

52. Food for the Mand; or, But the with these perfections great I am endu'd - such is my fate; They seize and to a stake me tie, And bastinade me till I die.



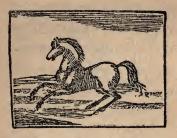


I Know my owner, ferve my feeder,
But have no notion of my breeder;
Who fought the means to change my
nature,
And from a fierce unruly creature,
Made me as ufeful to the nation,
As fome who move in higher station;
For I, with gratitude abundant,
My owner's praife fet forth redundant;
And

54 Food for the MIND; or,
And fraught with virtues deem'd inherent,
May well be call'd the King's vicegerent;
As I his subjects render stronger,

And die that they may live the longer.





TO king and subject I assistance lend;

In war a firm ally, in peace a friend; To their diversions am a perfect flave, At home submiffive, but in battle brave; When the shrill trumpet sounds I take the field,

Laughat the pointed spear and glitt'ring shield;

Bold

56 FOOD for the MIND; or,

Bold and intrepid meet the daring foe, Willing and able to repeat the blow;
To peer or prelate I give health and

To peer or prelate I give health and eafe;

The lady, merchant, and the peafant please:

Nay,—of such gen'ral use is my employment,

Without me life would scarce be worth enjoyment.





I From abroad a pris'ner brought,
Was foon the English language
taught,
And pleas'd my lord so well,
He introduc'd me to his sponse,
Where I in comfort dwell;
For when the sky's serene and clear,
I walk abroad to take the air,
And to observe what passes;

Where learning half the tricks in town,
I make remarks on ev'ry clown,
And laugh at lads and laffes:
When tired with that I call a coach,
(Bold and regardless of reproach)
Then whistle, sing, and cough;
And having teaz d the man awhile,
With the imposfure pleas'd I smile,
And bid the knave walk off.





MY patron is wisdom—If wisdom you prize,

In me put your confidence, borrow my

Who into a millitone can fee full as far, As the best of you all, by the light of a star:

Cou'd the RoyalSociety purchase my skill, Or the wise men of Gresbam like me have their will;

E 2 They

60 Food for the MIND; or,

They ne'er had admitted pretenders to fcience,

And for learned members bid Europe defiance.

In short—had some wise ones but my penetration,

it had long ago much better far'd with the nation.





IN me behold the height of human

Hear what the elements to me impart; My origin I owe to mother Earth, Fire was the midwife forwarded my birth:

Air gave me wings, and added to my voice,

And Neptune made me his peculiar choice,

E 3

To

6: Food for the MIND; or,
To me committed his dominions valt:
Jove wav'd his fceptre, and the fiat
pass'd;
I took possession without more delay,
And holdthe liquid empire to this day.





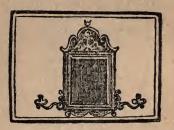
I Am short, let me tell ye,
But have a big belly,
Which a boddice lac'd round me restrains;
I have also a head,
But may truly be said,
To carry no guts in my brains:
My skull is so soft,
That when taken aloft,

E 4

You

You would fwear I should soon shake asunder;
For which I am beat,
Till set down on my feet,
And roar all the time loud as thunder,
But the great ones of late,
Who all pity'd my fate,
Resolving to alter my station,
Made me known to the sair,
Who can now with an air,
Call upon me for their recreation.





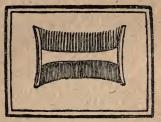
In gold and filver drefs'd,
Am by belles and beaux carefs ds
Who on each day attend,
As their counfellor and friend,
Here they practice harmles guiles,
Artful glances, killing finiles:
Here they all their beauty show,
Here they string the bended bow:

Here

66 Food for the MIND; or,

Here the quiver's fraught with darts, Which they aim at lovers hearts; And never make a vifit twice, Without asking my advice.





Am white at the neck as Sufannab the fair,

Tho' my body fometimes is all cover'd with hair;

As a flounder am flat, as a beetle am blind.

Yet good fervices do to the race of mankind:

The copies and coverts I traverie each day,

To

68 Food for the MIND; or,

To drive from their holds and destroy beasts of prey;

Having two rows of teeth for engagement defign'd,

They all fly before me like chaff before wind;

Now tell but my name, ye mammas or miffes,

And those who stand by shall reward you with kisses,





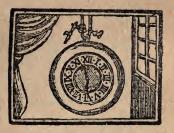
ONE winter's evening very dark,
As I cross'd o'er St. James's Park,
I got an odd but civil friend
To light me to my journey's end;
His cap to me did plain appear
Like that of the fierce grenadier;
Black was the cloak which wrapp'd
him round,

And his feet never touch'd the ground; He feem'd of the infernal race, With flaming fire about his face;

While

70 Food for the MIND; or,
While from his noftrils iffu'd fmoke,
Yet all the way he never spoke:
Thus guarded I was carry'd home;
But soon as to the door I come,
An opake body interpos'd,
And the surprizing scene was clos'd.





W HEN our master or mistress my service befriends.

I keep moving all day to make them amends;

I inform them when breakfast and dinner is ready,

And am in my duty surprisingly steady; I speak when I'm bid, and if not hold my tongue,

Thur

72 Food for the MIND; or;

Thus accomplish'd, I'm welcome to old and to young;

Ev'n for their devotion instructions I give,

And can teach the extravagant heir how to live;

But with them to the playhouse when I take a trip,

If not narrowly watch'd I oft give them the flip:

But the' when well us'd I'm to all very civil,

When flighted I'm fullen and false as





THO' good fellows we are,
We can't hope to be fav'd;
From our very first day,
To our last we're enslav'd,
Our office is hardest,
And food fure the worst,
Being cramm'd with raw slesh,
Till we're ready to burst;

P

Tho'

74 Foop for the MIND; or, Tho' low in our state, Ev'n Kings we support; And at balls have The principal share of the sport.





MY Lords and Gentlemen advance, Come with a chearful countenance.

And tell abroad my praife, Whether you in the senate sit, Or at the bar display your wit, 'Tis I your spirits raise; I from the hero banish sear, I whisper in the poet's ear,

And teach him how to fing;

At my approach care fleals away,
And all the troubles of the day,
Immediately take wing:
The I th' afflicted fouls relieve,
To the defponding comfort give,
And make the statesman bold;
The balm I yield, if well apply'd,
Extends its friendly instuence wide,
And wids both young and old.





W HILE tears fall down, behold how gay,

How beautiful my drefs;

Not Flora in the month of May
Does greater joy exprefs,

And as on her the fhort-liv'd pride,

Sol's friendly beams beftow,

So I my charms, extended wide,

To the fame patron owe;

78 Food for the MIND; or,
The elements are all combin'd
To form my transient beauty,
And I as God himself design'd,
Do my appointed duty:
Thus plac'd aloft to catch the eye,
Like Beacon on a hill,
I tell not who comes to destroy,
Yet obviate future ill.





THO' big my belly, long my nose,
And with one arm I strut;
I make the fair their foes expose,
And keep my own mouth shut:
Before me they their secrets tell,
The news of all the day;
And for my silence I'm fed well,
But empty sent away:

Yes

Yet the they love my company,
And feem to me so civil;
Sometimes you'd swear they thought
that I
Had dealings with the devil.

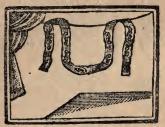




E MBLEM of youth and innocence, With walls enclos'd for my defence, And with no care of pres'd, I boldly spread my charms around, Till some rude lover breaks the mound, And takes me to his breast; Here soon I sicken and decay, My beauty lost, I'm turn'd away, And thrown upon the street; Where

82 Food for the MIND; or,
Where I despised and rolling lie,
See no Samaritan pass by,
But num'rous infults meet:—
Ladies, contemplate well my fate,
Restect upon my wretched state;
implore th' Almighty's aid,
Lest you (which Heav'n avert) like me
Shou'd come to want and misery,
Be ruin'd and betray'd.





LOOK at the rainbow in the fky, See fummer morning clouds pass by; Go search the gardens and the fields, Observe what bounteous nature yields; You'll scarcely find a flower or plant, Whose beauty I or colour want: Thus furnish'd, I oblige the fair, And change my colour ev'ry year; Attend the Gen'ral—grace the Lord, And to both sexes joy afford:

84 Food for the Mind; or, But hold, methinks too far I go, Being oft the messenger of woe: Consult the glass with decent air, My nature, use, and name declare.





W HO was he, that by a kifs
Loft a more substantial blifs;
Sold his crown for paltry pelf,
Sneak'd away and hang'd himself?
Beware, ye mercenaries all,
Lest the same sate should you befall.

Food for the MIND; or,

86



IF old stories say true,
I could once talk like you;
But for sear of becoming a slave,
I was instantly mute,
And grew cunning to boot,
Determin d my freedom to save:
Now to the sop and the sool,
And the rude boy at school,
All endeavour to practice my art;

But

87

a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

But their efforts are vain,
They pretenders remain,
And must—till the world they depart:
To observe how I grin,
With snub nose, lips, and chin,
Would the laughter excite of a lord:
And for mimicry too,
I my betters out-do,
And more innocent pleasure afford.







I A bufy active creature,
Fathion'd for the foort of nature,
Nimbly fkip from tree to tree,
Under a well-wrought canopy;
And, for cleanlines and air,
Am a pattern to the fair,
I, to arms and blood a stranger,
Apprehensive of no danger,
Like the ant for winter store,
Searching treasure to explore,

a New RIDDIE-BOOK.

89

On a fudden hear the foe, Caufe and object of my woe; By whom I'm foon a prifoner made, Chain'd and in a dungeon laid: Bid Chlor then and More tell What's my name, and where I dwell.



C

go Food for the MIND; or,



OF all the arts in which we shine,
Or sciences acquir'd,
There's none so difficult as mine,
Less practis'd, more admir'd:
Behold my whimsical attire,
How aukward my address;
The trade which I take up for hire,
Millions unknown profes.

I Eddle,

a New RIDDLE-BOOK

I fiddle, fing, prate, laugh and cry,
To draw the thoughtless in;
And num'rous other antics try,
To bait the subtle grin:
But when surrounded with a croud,
To shew myself more funny,
I tell my masser's fame aloud,
And ease them of their money.





I Am chief of a clan, which by God was appointed

To establish his throne, and preserve his anointed;

The grandeur observe of my house and attire,

And tell me what mortal can raise his head higher;

My fervants are num'rous, their wages well paid,

Who for constant attendance insure future aid: To a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

To all ranks and degrees of mankind I am civil,

And do all that I can to deter them from evil.

Nay,—Those suppliant all who my levee attend,

In me find a fervant, a father, a friend: And fome, who my tervice and fov'reign deny'd,

Have liv'd to repent of that crime ere they dy'd.



WHEN



WHEN you the fortune bunter meet, Upon a gaudy day, Compleatly rigg'd from head to feet, In Monmouth fireet array; Then turn your wand'ring eye to me, My vanity admire; Observe, here the like fallacy Lurks under my attire;

For

For all the fin'ry round me thrown,
I'm forc'd to beg or borrow;
And sheu'd my neighbours claim their
own,
Must naked go to-morrow.



G 4

For



HOW many millions for my fake

What frauds and villanies have not been try'd!

And all the grandeur which my race

Is like the rose beset around with thorns; Nay, when posses'd, such your enjoyments are.

tomy owners trouble bring and care.

a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

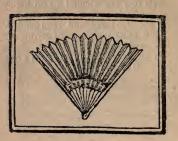
Ev'n they, by whom I am fo highly priz'd,

If good are hated, and if bad despis'd. Thus 'twixt the plague of getting me and losing.

By fome I'm thought not worth a wife

man's chusing.





COME hear and fee a taudry thing, Fluttering with expanded wing; Like the lark that upward tends, And like her too, when she descends Toss'd by the owner to and fro, Her beauty and its own to show; Suff'ring nuch at ball and play And working ev'ry holiday;

But

a New RIDDLE-BOOK.

But what is still more strange to tell, When by Belinda manag'd well, Its pow'r th'admiring youth perplexes, For her it cools, but burns Alexes.



100 FOOD for the MIND; or,

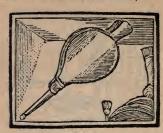


I Ne'er offend thee,
Yet thou dost me whip,
Which don't amend me,
'Tho' I dance and skip:
When I'm upright, me you always like
best,
And barb'rouslywhip me when I want
rest

MY



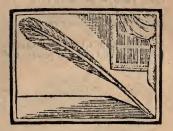
M Y proper title I forfake,
And often that of others take;
Sometimes a king in flately pride,
With lofty majelty I stride;
Sometimes with sprightly nymphs and
swaine,
I trip it o'er the flow'ry plains;
Sometimes I fleet aloft in air,
And oftentimes quite disappear:
In various shapes I'm known to be,
And children often start at me. MY



MY nose is long, my back is broad and round,

And in my belly off two holes are found; No load I carry, yet I puff and blow, As much as heavy loaded porters do.

WHEN



WHEN in my youth, I was my mother's pride;

We always went together, fide by fide; No harm I wrought, by either word or deed:

Fortobe plain, I could not write or read; But foon as man feiz'd on my tender frame,

Depriv'd of life, his pupil I became,

104 Food for the MIND; or,

And the of late so innocent and mild, With blackest deeds my virtue s now defil'd;

My tongue he shits, and I begin to prate Of friends and foes, of politics and state.



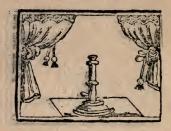


LEGS I have got, yet feldom do I walk;

I backbite many, yet I never talk: In fecret places most I seek to hide me, For hew ho feeds me never can abide me

H WHILE

100 FOOD for the MIND; or,



WHILE young and gay, and deck'd with utmost pride,

I long'd and thought it heav'n to be a bride;

At length a wealthy merchant view'd my charms,

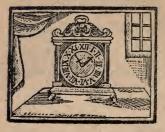
Tall and genteel, I took him to my

But

But he, in spite of all the medicines try'd,
That very night light headed grew and dy'd:
Instructed by this merchant's fortune go,
Nor dream of lasting happiness below.



168 FOOD for the MIND; ar,



TIS true I have both face and hands,
And move before your eye;
Yet when I go my body stands,
And when I stand I lie.



OF all dame nature's progeny, There's feares one being more than me

Alive despis'd and hated; But tho' I am a filthy creature, Without one amiable seature, It strongly is debated,

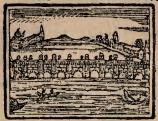
Whether I don't excel the man,
Who thro' the paths of vice has ran,
And does no good while living;
H a But

Н 3

But left a torn estate behind,

To put his family in mind,
He'd nothing worth the giving;
While I, whene'er impartial death
Pierces my heart or stops my breath,
My income ne'er destroy;
But for all favours done,
Return the living three for one,
And give the houshold joy.





BEHOLD you powder'd beau, how fine and fair:

Great Britain's glory, but his father's

Observe his equipage, how grand, how meat,

In ev'ry article alike compleat;

See him look down with fcorn upon his fire.

While gaping paffengers his pride ad-

H 4 Would

FOOD for the MIND, &c.

Would you his refidence or haunts explore,

Accept his key and open wide the door. When bus'ness in the senate calls you there.

You'll foon behold this noble upstart near:

Or if for pleasure you to Vauxhall stray, 'Tis ten to one you pass him on the way; But thro' the city should you chance to range,

You'll never find the booby upon

change.

Like those fine gentlemen whom courts inclose.

He trade despises, though from trade he rofe.

The END.

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